More Torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fay it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.

Iuli. Come hither *Nurse*, what is yond Gentleman?

Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*

Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of the doore?

Nurs. Marrie that I thinke be yong *Petrucheo.*

Iuli. Whats he that followes here that would not dance?

Nurs. I know not.

Iuli. Goe aske his name, if he be marryed,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great Enemie.

Iuli. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a lothed Enemie.

Nurs. Whats tis? what tis?

Iu. A Rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danst withall.

One cals within Iuliet.

Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers are all gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de for and would dye,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe supposde he must complaine,
And she steale loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new beloued any where:

But

But passion lends them Power, time me
Tempring extremities with extreame s

Enter Romeo *alone*

Rom. Can I goe forward when my h
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Ce

Enter Benuolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Rome*

Mer. He is wise, & on my life hath

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this
Call good *Mercutio*:

Mer. Nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo. humours, madam, passion, l
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime and I am satisfied:
Cry but ay me, pronounce but loue and
Speake to my Gossip *Venus* one faire w
One nickname for her pur-blind sonne
Yong *Abraham Cupid*: he that shot so
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the Begger-
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he mou
The ape is dead, and I must coniure hin
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet l
By her fine foote, straight leg, and quiu
And the demeanes, that there adiacent
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt a

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'wou
To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there
Till shee had laide it, and coniured it do
That were some spight,
My inuocation is faire and honest, and i
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe am
To be consorted with the humerous nig
Blind is his loue, and best befits the dar

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)